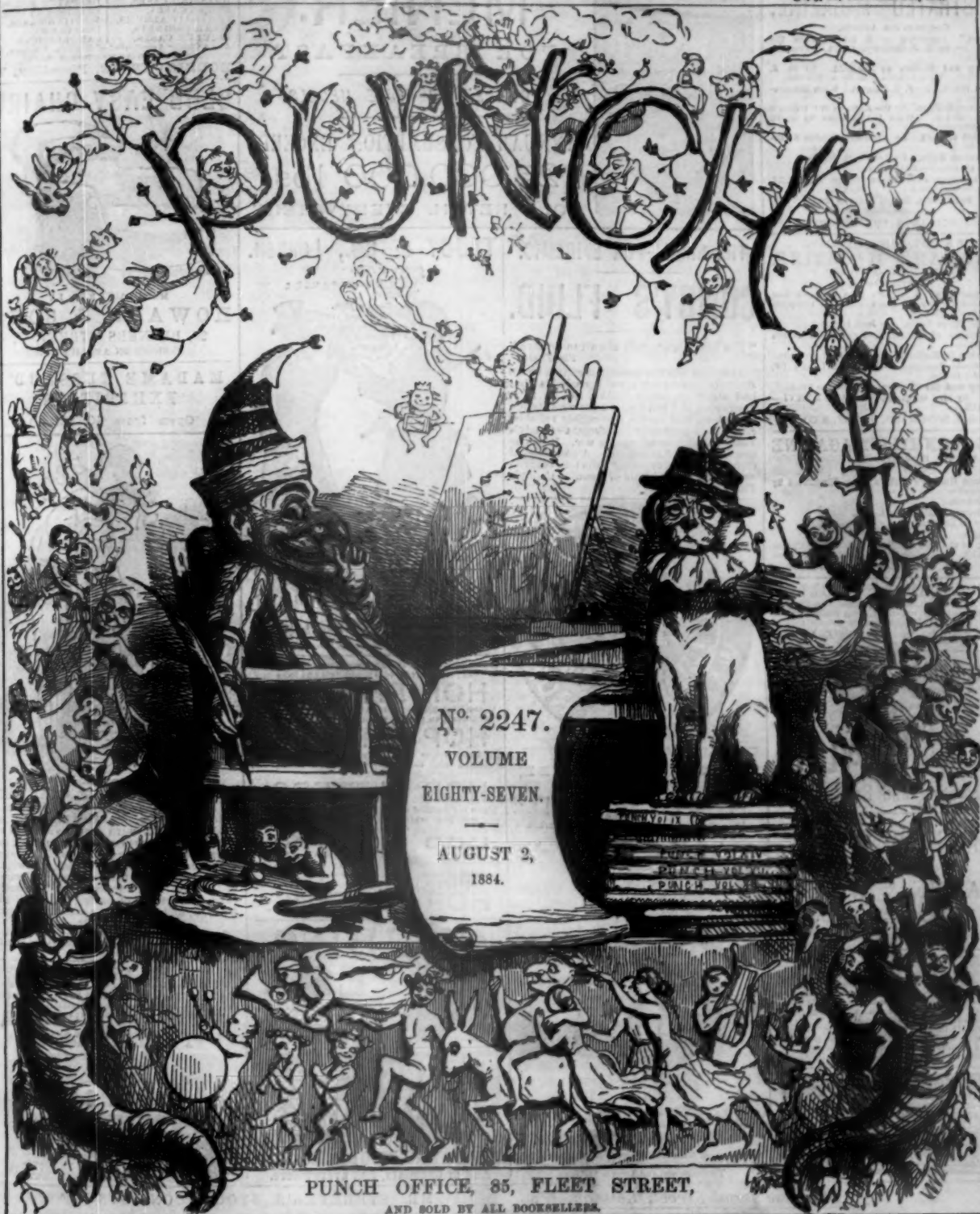


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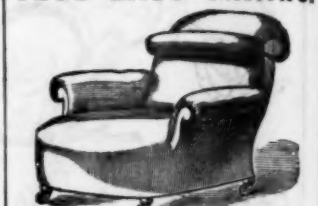
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## OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

## PART VIII.—EDUCATION AND "OLD LONDON."

It was with a feeling of absolute awe that I approached the Technical Educational Department. I had passed the Entrance Hall with its hundreds of loungers, regarding with degrading indifference a placard announcing that even then Mr. ERNEST HART was lecturing on "Smoke." I had skirted the old Fish Market, now the home of a mysterious meal known as the *Diner à la Duval*. I had seen the many kitchen-stoves in operation. In the Eastern Arcade a large notice-board pointed out the way to the Educational Department. I hurried in, hoping that the crowd that until now had surrounded me would imitate my example. Surely the Band of the 1st French Engineers could wait, surely a little serious study of useful things would prove an excellent precursor to a lounge amongst the Chinese lanterns and oil-lamps! Alas! I was mistaken. It was a rush of one!

My entrance into a large, ugly hall, containing here and there lathes, sewing machines, and kindred articles, seemed to warm into activity a talented person, apparently, in the wood-carving line. This gifted individual immediately commenced a lecture upon the simpler mysteries of his craft, which reminded me strongly of the addresses of the eloquent glassblower at the poor old Polytechnic Institution. The object of the eloquent glassblower was to persuade the public, during the pauses between the various entertainments, to purchase his wares, consisting mainly of models in glass of peacocks, candlesticks, and ships in full sail; and I am under the impression that the wood-carver felt that his speeches, in like manner, should be good for trade. However, I tore myself away from him (much as I should have liked to learn how it came to pass that such-and-such an article could be made for a shilling or half-a-crown), as I desired to join the crowd that I felt sure must be thronging the other departments of the Educational Section.

Again, on behalf of the entire human race, I am humbled to the very dust! (oh, that I should have to write it!—but it must be done!) in spite of an exciting collection of maps, a rollicking display of school-desks, and a deeply interesting and semi-waggish gathering-together of magic lanterns, I was the solitary spectator! The other twenty thousand and odd visitors seemed to prefer the lights and the music to the preceptive triumphs of the School Board! I could have cried! With difficulty suppressing my emotion, I hurried from room to room. I was well repaid for my energy. Here I found a beautifully-finished clothes-brush, there the complete costume of a shoe-black, over yonder a valuable collection of charity children's handwriting—all deeply, deeply interesting. And it was these curiosities that the thoughtless multitude were ignoring, so that they might listen the longer to the Guards' Band!

After ascending several flights of stairs, and visiting en route a number of saloons containing noble maps, beautiful slates, and magnificent school-benches, I came to an opening in the wall with a placard, telling me that this was the way to "Room 15." Again I hurried up excitedly, and reaching, in a breathless condition, an apartment a great many feet above the sea-level, was amply rewarded for all my pains by coming face to face with a microscope!

Full of charming fancies about what I had seen, I determined to finish the day by a leisurely visit to "Old London." The City Companies had claimed a share in the composition of the Educational Department, and I understood them to be wholly responsible for the picture of the Metropolis in the days so long gone by. What more appropriate end, then, to my pilgrimage than a stroll amidst the glass and stucco? The entrance-gate looked as imposing as of yore, with its moss and statues, but the street itself had lost much of its charm, owing to the invasion of that pest of modern times, advertisement. Even on the wall itself was an announcement in that-English (if such an expression may be allowed to serve as an equivalent to dog-Latin?), telling how "Somebody and So-and-So, his son," had contributed to the erection of the quarter in an incredibly short space of time. Further on was a modern card nailed on the door of an ancient shop. But perhaps the worst feature in the display was a fountain, put up gratuitously by the proprietors of somebody's filter, apparently as much for the purpose of giving the filter in question a prominent advertisement, as in the cause of Art. If this sort of thing is not stopped, other encroachments may be expected. There is no reason why Somebody's filter should not be followed by Somebody Else's penny ices, or toilette-soap, or smoking-pipe, or Seidlitz powders, or tricycles. When the Street was first opened, to give a thoroughly old-fashioned tone to the display, the various artisans working in the shops were persuaded to attire themselves in costumes belonging to the Tudor and Stuart periods. This idea has been developed, and now a young Lady appears dressed in a similar fashion. To complete this sketch from "life in the Sixteenth Century" she is employed in selling photographs! From this it will be gathered that nothing has been left undone by the Authorities which would have assisted in presenting to the visitors a truly faithful rendering of "Old London."

## ROBERT AT HYDE PARK.

HAVING nothink werry pertickler to do on Monday, last week, I jined the Wite Chapel Branch of the Ide Park procession at Oridgate, and marcht with 'em to the Tems Embankment, six a brest, and a werry imposin pair of spektakels we must have maid, for wot with our brass bands, and our banners, and our flags, and our carridge and 4, and our reel ship with reel men a sitting in it—I did ope at one time as they wood ha' offered to give me a lift, but they didn't—and all the other and setters, we formed quite a Lord Mare's Sho, mynus the Lord Mare, and the Sherryffs, and the men in armer. I wondered as the Guvernment didn't lend us sum men in Armer—they wood ha' added a reel polished dignerty to our percession, which I must onestly say as it rayther wanted, and alloo have inspired a proper degree of Haw among the grinning Swells at the Clubs in Pell Mell.

I opes as it will be quite hunderstood that, altho I jined in the Deemonstration, as I thinks it was called, it was jest for the fun of the thing, for I didn't understand a bit what it was all about, nor more did many of them as I marched with, except that the Ouse of Lords—which I bleeve also includes the Dooks, and Markisis, and the Wycounts—had bin and gone and done somethink as the Guvernment didn't like, and we was a going to High Park for to tell 'em how werry rong it was on 'em to hac' so. And to show 'em how werry much we was in herneest, we took ever so many of our wives and famillys with us.

One of our Branch, who keeps a little pony-cart to go round for orders, put his wife, and his mother-in-law, and his Arnt into it, and drav 'em; and his biggest little Gal held up a little flag, on witch was ritten, "The Peepel versus the Piers! Be Furm!" A werry respectabel member of the Waterman's Company, who wore his badge of honner, and who marcht by my side, hinfirmed me as he hunderstood as our Deemonstration had somethink to do with the Piers of Westminster Bridge, witch all wanted to be shored hup, or else brought down a bit.

Of course we all had our eyes on the wether, witch ocaasionally looked jest a leetle wicked, but we retched the Embankment not only quite dry, but werry dry, but nothink was to be bort unless you brort it with you, witch, luckily for me, my frend the jolly young Waterman had dun, in the shape of a bottle of Rum, witch we both found to be werry rewiwing. He told me as he had been told as how as one werry conservatory Church Wardin had axhally asked his Wiker to pray for rain on Monday, to put out the fiery Raddikels—but the Wiker guv it him hot, and sent him fleaing away with a fly in his ear.

We was in werry good time, and so I could look about me a bit before starting for the Park. The Taylors, as was any nat'ral, was the best drest of the lot, I was told as they was to have a supper arterwards of goose and cabbidge, tho why they selected them pertickler dellycassies of course I don't no. The Boot and Shoo makers was remarkabel well shod as usual, and the Farriers rode their gallant steeds quite cumferably. I wonders why Farriers rides so well. Is Mr. Dook nessererally a fast-rate Cricketer? or Mr. PERRY a fast-rate Forlorn Tennisier? or Mr. THURSTON & Co. a remarkerly spotting Billyard Player? This brilliyant idear opens a wane of thort that sets me a speekylating about Hed Cooks and Hed Waiters, but not now, "my Lords and Gennelmen," as the QUEEN says, not now, but at a slacker Season for deep meddytashun, such as the Long Wacashun at Grinnidge or Gravesend. No partickler accident occurd until we reached the Carlton Club pell mell, and there we had sum grand fun. Some of our fellers carried a Toom Stone "in memmery of the Ouse of Lords," and our Band aoshally played the *Ded March in Sorl* as we marcht slowly by. Of course it was all dun to show proper respec for 'em, tho' sum on 'em didn't seem to much like it. Little Lord BRAN-DOLL CHURCHILL, smokin a big sogar, was a-looking at us as we passed, so ever so many of us begun a-barking at him, like a lot of yelping puppy dogs, I'm sure I don't know why, but some fokes when they gits together thinx owlin an ollarin reel jolly goodfun,—which praps it were to us, but not quite so jolly to him.

It was gitting on for 6 when we reached the Park, and the site there was a reel staggerer! I have bin told sine that Lord SORLISBURY compar'd it to a Pick Nick! Of course it's summat werry presumshus of a pore Hed Waiter to differ from a rite honnerabel nobel Markis, but praps, jest for this wunee, he won't mind confessing as praps I've had the most egperience on this pertickler pint, and I says as he mite jest as well have compar'd it to the Zululodgikel Gardens!

Phansy a Pick Nick without nothink to heat, and preeshus little to drink, and no ladies to speak of, and longwindy speeches by the duzzen. No, my Lord Markis, you may be a grate Pollytishun, and a nice Statesman for a small Party, and kno all about Eegy, and the Sudden, and where the Conservativ Working Man is to be found, and other simmler counundrums, but you nose no more about Pick Nicks than I does about Sorlisberry plane.

ROBERT.



### THE DIRTY OLD BOYS.

(DEDICATED TO SIR C. DILKE & Co.)

#### THREE TO ONE!

A BALLAD OF A SUBURBAN BEAT.

NIGHT-CONSTABLE BROWN, with a brooding look, is pacing his dreary suburban beat ;  
His thick-shod footfall crunching slow along mile after mile of the silent street.  
A chill wind flutters the linden leaves, deep shadows hover o'er porch and lawn :  
'Tis nigh mid-June, but with never a moon, and the far East feels not the finger of dawn.

Darker and duller the long street grows ; the hay-scent, mingled with musk of rose,  
Borne on the night-breeze, floats through the dusk with a friendly salute to the Constable's  
nose.

But that stolid tramper regardeth it not as he strides in the lamplight's flickering gleam,  
Erect and steady, yet dreamy of look, for even Night-Constables sometimes dream.

Night-Constable BROWN is but twenty-five, and he means being married come next October ;  
And MARGERY MEADOWS is tender and trim, and her blue-coated lover is stalwart and  
sober.

So here is matter for dreaming indeed, on a Midsummer night, to an amorous tune,  
Though the scene is not an Athenian wood, but a suburb dull on a night in June.

With MARGERY true, and promotion near, and that nice little legacy, things look bright,  
Quite calculated to make a man proof against even the dulness of Villadom's night.  
'Tis wondrous quiet, not even the sound of a market-wain or noctivagant cat  
To break the hush of the empty streets, or the drowse of the shrubberies,—Ah! what's that?

Night-Constable BROWN is awake, alert. Away with visions and all such stuff!  
Loosen the truncheon, round with the bull's-eye! Yes, it is burglars, certain enough!  
Under the entry, right in his way there! In for a tussle, then,—no, not fun  
Exactly. R-r-r-r! on the night-air echoes the shriek of the rattle. 'Tis Three to One!

Odds! But a Constable may not wait, whatever a soldier may do, you see ;  
Night-Constable BROWN advances steadily, challenging sharply. One against Three!  
Three fierce rats, at bay and desperate ; look at their teeth in the bull's-eye's glare!  
Look at those knuckles clenched on, what? No jemmy that! Constable BROWN beware!

Bang! A rush! A sting like a whip-lash! BROWN has one by the bull-throat fast,  
Downs him deftly ; but brute-blows rain on him. Up he staggers, erect at last ;  
Face to the foe, with a creeping faintness plucking coldly at chest and knee.  
Bang! A miss! These rats are nervous, and BROWN still faces them, One against Three!

Distant trampings! Two rats have scuttled!  
Constable BROWN has the third one, tight.  
No! that faintness his grip enfeebls. Rat  
retreats to the porch ; shows fight,  
Rodent-like, his jagged teeth gleaming  
behind the barrel that covers BROWN.  
"Stop! or I'll riddle you!" BROWN  
advances. Bang! A tussle, and both are  
down!

So they find them, the rat well under, Con-  
stable's clutch on his caitiff throat  
Tight as a terrier's. BROWN up-staggers,  
but lights and faces and all things float  
Dimly, swimmingly, faint, before him.  
"Hold him fast, lads!" A fall like lead!  
His comrades raise him tenderly—vainly!  
Brave Night-Constable BROWN is dead!

"Dead on the field of honour"? Well, Sirs,  
that's what they say of a soldier slain.  
May glory be found in a lonely suburb, or  
only, forsooth, on a battle-plain?  
Where is the difference? Yes, there is this,  
the soldier's armed, and the constable's  
not,  
He faces enemies, One against Three, and  
takes his chance with them, stick against  
shot!

No glittering steel and no gaudy coat make  
danger seductive to Constable BROWN ;  
He's simply our solid composedly stolid and  
dowdy-garbed friend 'midst the perils of  
town.

No pretty Princesses pin stars on his breast,  
fine postprandial speeches he hears not, nor  
makes:  
He only fronts death as a matter of business,  
for pay and for praise that are "no great  
shakes."

POOR MARGERY MEADOWS has views on the  
point ; but she's only a girl, and BROWN's  
sweetheart you see,  
(Though perhaps there may be just a few,  
after all, with the desolate maiden dis-  
posed to agree).

She says—but of course she is scarcely  
impartial, and speaks under stress of her  
staggering loss—

That "her BROWN was as brave as Lord  
WOLSELEY himself, and did ought to have  
had the Victoria Cross!"

#### Theatrical Mems.

MR. C. WYNDHAM has dispensed with his  
MACKINTOSH, and the weather immediately  
changed to showery, which is bad for  
Show-ers. MR. MALBY, who played the  
Tutor in *Betsy*, now takes the MACKIN-  
TOSH's place in *Featherbrain*.

At TOOLE's an American Company, an-  
nounced as that of DALY, appears Nightly.  
At the Strand JAMES THE FIRST is still  
the King of Buttermen in *Our Boys*.

The hundredth night of *The Private  
Secretary* was celebrated at the Globe last  
Friday. This piece began as a failure, and  
now—but more in our next.

#### "Thames Communications."

SAYS Father Thames to Father Lea,  
"Oh, what a dirty chap you be!"  
Says Father Lea to Father Thames,  
"Well, you're a nice one to call names!"  
SAYS DILKE to LABBY, nothing loth,  
"I hope, in time, to wash 'em both!"

THE Statue of BURNS, on the Embank-  
ment, ought to have been in Scotland Yard.  
"For a' that, an' a' that; For weel he's  
worthy a' that."



501 the

**JOYOUS JULY!**

## THE TOWN.

## No. VIII.—THE RIVER.

TYPE of the Town in some imperfect sort,  
Various and vast, see Thames's sweeping tide,



Witness of sordid  
toil and frolic  
sport,

Threading the  
haunts of penury  
and of pride,

The lairs of crime,  
the purlieus of  
the Court;

Its waters brightly  
glance or dully  
glide,

Here reedy Simois  
at full flood, and  
there

Black as Cocytus,  
between banks as  
bare.

See it a babbling  
runlet rippling  
swift

O'er stones a child's  
small stride might  
safely bridge,

In the green land a slender silvery rift!

Anon 'twixt mimic banks, than harvest ridge

Scarce higher, down its tiny torrents drift,

Buzzed o'er by darting dragon-fly and midge;

Then toward broadens, spreading clear and cool

To reedy flat and minnow-haunted pool.

Look after look it nears yet leafy bounds

Of the leaf-blighting City; o'er its spread

Echo swart Labour's shrill and strident sounds;

Unwonted garbage fouls its pebbly bed.

Grey mist with the grey sky its flood confounds,

It flows by banks decayed and verdure dead,

Charm-robbed, unclean, but use-endowed and large,

Laden with snorting tug and sooty barge.

It threads the Town's broad bridges, laves the walls

Of mart and senate, wharf and palace fair.

Where swallows twittered clamorous commerce calls

Harsh-voiced across its stream; its banks upbear

The belching chimney, noisome smoke-reek falls

Like a black blight athwart its windings, where

Its sinuous creeks creep on through mud and slime

To haunts of misery and to dens of crime.

It lips the reeking rookeries where dwell

The slaves of dirt and drudgery; where it creeps

Drift hideous helpless burdens known too well

To Law's night ministrants. So on it sweeps

Mast-forrested, a stream of strange weird spell

And mighty memories, to the briny deeps,

Its wide flood losing in the sea at last

All taint by the huge city's foulness cast.

But London's Thames is Trade's. Not Fashion's leisure

Flaunts on its flood; no Ranelagh now invites

Wigged and brocaded devotees of pleasure,

Its stream no brick-mewed citizen delights.

Its sombre bosom bears unbounded treasure

In swart uncomely bulk; its days and nights

Are toil and traffic; pageantry and sport

Are driven to Henley and to Hampton Court.

Trade's ditch and Folly's cesspool! "Tamise ripe,"

The Poet's pride and once the townsman's joy,

To such complexion art thou come! MCGRIPE

Is Trade's stern minion, stooping not to toy

With foolish dreams that fit the pastoral pipe;

And he has known the River, man and boy,

These fifty years, and all those years has done

His best to make it foul as Acheron!

A model citizen! 'Tis London's fate,

Sole amongst cities, in these sordid days,

To harbour such, to whom her charm, her state,

Her health's fair fame, the sweetness of her ways,

Are things indifferent. Gold alone is great,  
Beauty a foolish dream that does not pay!  
How should an Alderman MCGRIPE afford  
The civic pride contemned by prince and lord?

Mighty is Dirt! Though taste may pale and puke,  
Muck rules the roast. Doth it not help to pile  
The well-crammed coffers of a callous Duke?  
And may not simple Trade afford to smile  
At health's appeal or sentiment's rebuke?  
Wits may deride, reformers may revile,  
Sense does not shake, and satire fails to hurt  
Titled or trading traffickers in Dirt!

What though MCGRIPE's huge factory vomit daily  
Filt to the stream, asphyxia on the air!  
Though light and verdure breathe a hopeless Vale!  
Let the fouled flood its fetid burden bear,  
Strength fail, sense sicken, pleasure vanish! Gaily  
MCGRIPE tots up his gains. Why should he care?  
He takes no Pauline pride—alas! the pity!  
In being citizen of no mean city.

He sees gold-freighted vessels homeward towed,  
Tea-laden clippers, hulks with fodder piled;  
The lumbering barge-string with its sooty load;  
All, all mean wealth, and wealth on him has smiled.  
When the low westering sun has flamed and glowed  
Like molten bullion o'er the many-piled  
Wind-rippled reaches, train-conveyed he flies  
To peace and pleasantness at Brixton Rise.

Or at far Cookham finds he sweeter air,  
Cheerier companionship. The plashy beat  
Of measured oars, fond eyes and tresses fair  
Make the long summer evenings gaily fleet.  
For Wealth can leave the Shop's dull cark and care,  
The masted Pool, the dingy long-shore street,  
The hammer's clink, the tug's aggressive grunt,  
For quiet and fair ease in skiff and punt.

Not so his scant-paid toilers. They abide  
In slums that hug the sewage-cumbered river,  
Or where hard by its stained and sluggish tide  
Spread marshy flats o'er which coarse grass-spears shiver.  
There ague, fever, foulness-bred reside,  
Poverty's constant guests. Who shall deliver  
These from the stream-born spectres chill and pale,  
When civic pride and wit official fail?

Foul Cloacina's haunt! Ideal fine  
For the great Town's great river! Bloating Boards  
That perorate and spend, discuss and dine,  
The taste of tradesmen and the sense of Lords  
Your congregated councils may combine;  
Yet the result but scanty hope affords.  
Not from the conflicts of Circumlocution  
Will Town attain a cure for Thames-pollution.

MCGRIPE's a Member; Board-room and Committee  
Know his big voice and broadening waistcoat well.  
As an authority upon the City,

Its wants and wishes, who may bear the bell  
From the bluff Alderman? and who more witty  
On a "stray dog-corps" or "fortuitous smell"?  
And still Thames sickens, still offends the sight,  
A Styx by day, a Phlegethon at night.

Night, when the broad flood blackens, lamp-starred, thronged  
With ghostly shadows, when the bridges bear  
Lost feet of men accurst and women wronged;  
When from the City gleams the auroral glare  
Of Pleasure, motley-garbed and siren-songed;  
And when in many a dark riparian lair  
Mute murder lurks, and strikes its silent blow,  
Freighting with death the River's sullen flow.

A stream of pleasure? Nay, of toil and grime,  
Swift-garnered opulence and traffic dense,  
Its Senate's towers, whence sound the solemn chime,  
Its broad embankments, grandly strike the sense;  
But beauty, brightness? Far from Shadwell's slime  
And Lambeth's lurid reek they're driven hence,  
Where Pandemonium's foul mephitic censer  
Scents the "sweet Thames" once sung by gentle SPENSEL.

## OPERATIC NOTES.



## REVIEW OF THE OPERA.

"AFTER the Opera is over" is the period we have arrived at, and it seems likely that the time will come when the Opera will be over all together, and not merely for the season. Why is it? The amount of melody contained in the most recent novelties has not surfeited hearers. It isn't that. On the contrary, as Music has shown a tendency to advance, audiences have evinced a disposition to retire. They don't like advanced music; can't keep up with it, and don't want to. They have tried it in Italian, and it didn't do well; they tried it in German, and it did worse. It is only when PATTI-PATTI comes and sings

"Batti, Batti," or when something of that sort happens, that Covent Garden has been filled. There is but one PATTI, and the idea of her place being taken by ALBANI is All-blarney. Not that PATTI is a great Artist, mind you, apart from her singing. Clever and experienced: no more.

It is announced that Signor NICOLINI will not sing next season. Sing? He has not done so this, and he didn't last; that is to say, his voice didn't last.



M. JOURDAIN AS "SIGURD."

"We have found just the man we wanted in M. Jourdain."—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

The novelty of the year is *Sigurd*, which it's occurred to Mr. GYE to produce. Real horrors! Real fire scene made out of real steam, with coloured lights thrown on it! Real imitation swans to draw a real boat made out of a real Pantomime-sofa. *Harlequin Sigurd* slaps his wand, and off we go to GUNTER's in the Berkeley Square of the period for refreshments—otherwise, why GUNTER? But there's a little real music in *Sigurd*, too, and that goes a long way.

Then there was *Savonarola*, but they burnt him the first night—serve him jolly well right, for being a bore—and he'll never come back no more, boys, never come back no more, as the ballad says. Good book, *Savonarola*, by GILBERT A. BECKETT. Lots of opportunity for music, which Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD did not take. Composer—one of the advanced school—has advanced far beyond the place where melodies are found, to a land where all is barren, and the orchestra makes a great noise to demonstrate the fact. M. REYER now and then shows some desire to start off in the same direction, but his good angel is in time to catch him by the coat-tail, and restrain him. The Citizens of Florence, by the way, were shocking bad hands with their swords, if those that were seen at Covent Garden at all resembled the originals. There they were, clashing away with their weapons for half an hour at a time, and not a man down, or even slightly pinked! Practical jokers they were, too; for when they wanted to get into the Monastery they broke down a gate, and then came in quietly, as cool and collected as an army of cucumbers, pretending that they hadn't done it; it couldn't possibly have been them.

No idea of stage management among the Germans—that is to say, those at Covent Garden. Go on anyhow, and get off as quickly as possible, is the general rule. It is not much better with the Italians. If the same care were bestowed on the production of an opera as is given to a play at a well-managed theatre, the opera would be very much more attractive. The dressing and mounting of many of the operas is forty years behind the style of to-day. *Violetta*, in a dress of the very newest fashion, is interviewed by *Germont pere*, attired in a burlesque of Charles II. costume.

The coming Tenor is still on his way—at least he has not arrived yet; but M. JOURDAIN—who came to play *Sigurd*—is good enough to go on with. He is a Frenchman, and the rest of the cast of the work (by a Frenchman) produced at the Royal Italian Opera includes M. DEVOYON, who is a Frenchman; Signor DE REZKE, a Pole—an excellent specimen of the article; M. SOULACROIX, a Frenchman, who has been passing the season in trying to ascertain whether he is a tenor or a baritone (he thought he was a tenor till he played *Figaro*, and then fancied he must be a baritone after all), Madame ALBANI, a Canadian; Madame FURSCH-MADI, a German—and that is why it is called the Royal Italian Opera. It will be perceived that things are a little mixed. If they all sang in their native tongues the effect would be curious!

## BLOND BUTLERS.

THERE are many people who make a point of having pretty Parlour-maids and stalwart Footmen to wait on them. If their Butler is comfortable and portly, and has the air of a Bishop they are satisfied. From the following advertisement which appears in the columns of the *Morning Post*, it would appear that on the subject of Butlers people are getting more critical:—

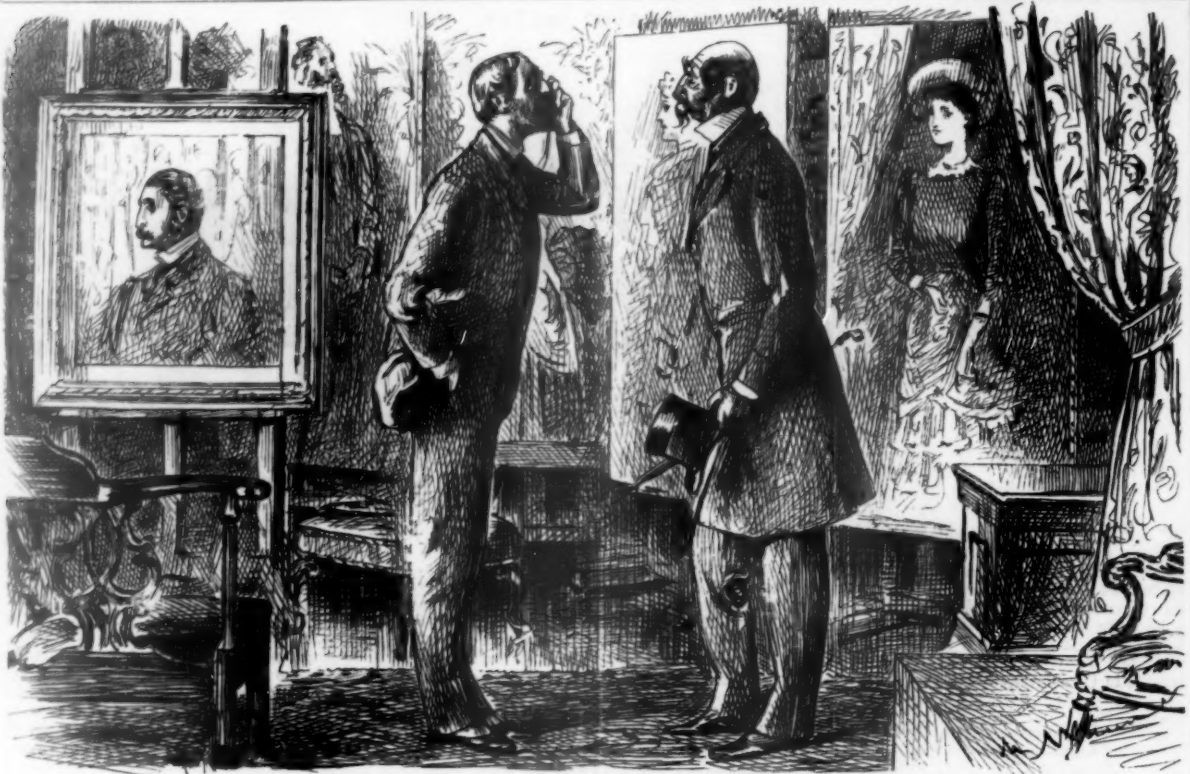
**WANTED**, by a Thoroughly-good, Fair Butler, SITUATION in a Quiet Family, where a footman is kept; first-class character from family of note; Single; middle-age; country preferred.

Till reading this we were not aware that the complexions of Butlers were of any particular consequence; but evidently the matter is of considerable importance, and, for aught we know, the blond Butler

may be as fashionable as "auricomus" hair was some years ago. Those Aesthetic persons who have hitherto had the harmony of their dining-room disturbed by the presence of a swarthy, black-haired Butler will doubtless jump at the opportunity afforded them in the above advertisement.

**TAFFY'S ELIXIR.**—The nursery nonsense about Taffy's proverbial dishonesty has been remarkably refuted by the late experience of Mr. Justice GROVE, on circuit in North Wales. His Lordship found absolutely no prisoners at three Assizes, and received three pairs of white kid gloves. "Taffy is a Welshman" still, as ever, but nobody can now any longer say, "Taffy is a Thief." Assert "the general," and it's upset by one particular. But some Anti-Taffy may say, "The exception proves—" Pooh! Nothing of the sort! Welsher!!





### WHAT PORTRAIT-PAINTING IS COMING TO.

*The Duke of Dilcator.* "I—A—HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF CALLING TO SAY THAT I SHALL ESTEEM MYSELF HIGHLY HONOURED IF YOU WILL BE SO VERY KIND AS TO ACCEPT FROM ME A COMMISSION TO PAINT MY PORTRAIT, AT ANY TIME MOST CONVENIENT TO YOURSELF!"

*Fashionable Artist (after careful survey of His Grace's features).* "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, DUKE, BUT I REALLY CAN'T. I—A—ALWAYS CHOOSE MY OWN SUBJECTS NOW, YOU KNOW, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY YOUR GRACE WON'T DO!"

### THE GAY VEGETARIANS.

[A successful dinner was given at the "Healthies" to Mr. WESTON, on diet-reform principles, by the Society for the Study and the Cure of Inebriety.]

COME hither, all ye Aldermen! for say who would decline  
To eat, when so delightfully the Vegetarians dine;  
'Tis true no mutton's there to grace the feast, nor veal, nor beef,  
But fruits and salads come to give the dinner due relief;  
While as to all the list of wines, why many folks may think  
They show that e'en Teetotallers are too well off for drink.

First came a choice tomato soup, or green pea you might try,  
Then followed "vegetable steak and onions" and a pie;  
The cauliflower *au gratin*, and the macaroni too,  
Were both pronounced by *connoisseurs* of admirable goût;  
While cabbage graced the festive board, and folks were hard to please  
Who didn't like the well-cooked new potatoes and the peas.

Then came the Sweets, which would have much delighted childish  
hearts,

Fig pudding, ay, and hominy, and charming apple tarts;  
Stewed apricots and gooseberries—but endless task were mine  
To tell the fruits, so here's the list of unfermented wine:  
With Muscat and Vesuvius, Bordeaux and Fruit Champagne,  
It seems the gay Teetotaller would never dine in vain.

So we must give up half the things we generally eat,  
The mutton cutlets and the beef, in fact all kinds of meat;  
The chicken or the toothsome game must ne'er adorn the dish,  
And also it appears we must forswear the harmless fish.  
Thus dine and walk like WESTON—though that stalwart man, methinks,

Did not indulge in that long list of unfermented drinks!

LORD SALISBURY'S MOTTO.—"Defiance, not defence."

### OUR DANGER-SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH, C.M.I.N. and P.B. (Chief Metropolitan Inspector of Nuisances, and Public Benefactor) begs to acknowledge a number of letters, thanking him for drawing attention to the shameful state of Goodge Street, from Residents "round and about that quarter." Until further notice, Goodge Street, W.C., will be known as "Little Mud Salad Market."

One thing at a time; but before the end of this Season, and as a warning for the next, *Mr. Punch*, P.B., will have something to say as to the dangers of the Hyde Park Gate Pavements, and the go-as-you-please sort of Police guardianship over the Traffic between the Marble Arch, Cumberland Place, &c., &c. There was an accident, (and it might have been a very nasty one) on Thursday last. *Mr. P.'s* Chief Inspector saw it, and had his eye on the gallant Members of the Force, to the dull monotony of whose duty this little excitement evidently came as quite a pleasant relief.

### A PROTEST.

MY DEAR AND TRULY LIBERAL SIR,

THE Demonstration on Monday July 21st was magnificent—but it was an anachronism. In these days of newspapers and telegrams, when every party has its organ, and everyone, without stumping and *ad fresco* oratory, can make himself heard everywhere at once, and his opinions known over the length and breadth of the Land, what need can there possibly be for a vast crowd to assemble in the Metropolis, stopping trade and traffic for a while, upsetting an entire day, giving opportunities to thieves, drunkards, and rowdiness generally, no matter how orderly the crowd may be, in order to "Demonstrate?" I am a Radical, but detest a crowd. A Demonstration is a relic of barbarism, and is only the resort of an uncivilised people who possess no newspapers, and who rely on a display of what was called in the old Chartist days "fizzical force."

I am, yours,

THE UMBLENT INDIVIDUAL.





“HOW IT’S DONE!”

THE WESTMINSTER WIZARD, OR THE DOWNY ONE OF DOWNING STREET (*log.*). “WE WILL NOW RETURN TO OUR INTERESTING EXPERIMENT,—THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERY,—AND WE DISCOVER . . . NOTHING!”







## UNCONSCIOUS HOMŒOPATHY.

"I WAS VACCINATED STRAIGHT FROM THE CALF, YOU KNOW!"  
 "AH! SIMILIA SIMILIBUS!"

## A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

"The Cabinet is expected to occupy some part of the Vacation in considering the details of the Redistribution Bill."—*Daily Paper*.

Mr. Gladstone (at the head of the table). We have chosen, my dear colleagues, this desolate island in the North Hebrides, as you know, with the object of being quite undisturbed in our consideration of Redistribution. I flatter myself that not a soul knows who we are. Thanks to GRANVILLE's adroit, and, if I may say so, diplomatic manipulations of truth, and CHAMBERLAIN's youthful manners, aided by our effecting slight changes in our personal appearance, we have contrived to give the simple villagers the idea that we are a party of Oxford students on a Reading Party, and that I am your "Coach." To some of you, I know, this way of spending a holiday is irksome. (Cheers, and "So it is!" from Lord Hartington.) Now is there any reason why we should not continue Clause One?

Lord Hartington. None, that I know of, except that DILKE says it's a glorious day for fly-fishing—

Sir Charles Dilke. Really, now, I must protest. It was HARTINGTON himself who said the red deer were simply waiting to be stalked—

Mr. Gladstone. Well, well! I must confess that to-day is eminently fitted for a little practice with the axe. But duty first, you know. Just four or five hours—(general groaning)—over the Eastern Counties—

Mr. Chamberlain. Why not the Midlands? I've got a dodge which will turn out old NEWDEGATE, and land me a Senior Member for North Warwickshire, in no time!

Mr. Gladstone. I think, by the sound, there is somebody listening at the key-hole. DILKE—I beg pardon, I mean GILES—would you just see if I am right? Nobody there? Well, then, I was going to say that Redistribution must proceed on some intelligent principle, and the principle which I recommend— (Loud cries from the Chancellor of the Exchequer).

Mr. Childers. I declare, this is really abominable! Here's DILKE

run one of his artificial minnows, with no end of hooks, into me! If he must go fishing, there is a time for all things—

Mr. Gladstone (seriously). Certainly! I cannot, of course, believe that any member of the Cabinet would be preparing his tackle under the table, while at the same time pretending to attend to Redistribution. I cannot, I say, believe it—

Lord Kimberley. But I can; because one of DILKE's confounded "red hackles," as he calls them, caught in my leg yesterday, when we were talking about disfranchising the City. I shouldn't mind it so much if DILKE ever caught any fish; but you know how he brought home a couple of very small dace, and expected us to breakfast off them, and that was after a whole day with the rod!

Sir Charles Dilke. Really this attack is most ungenerous, and, I think, unparliamentary. It was a *thunder* kind of day, as I explained, and that's why the fish wouldn't rise. But to-day is perfect, and if CHILDERS would mind not catching himself in my minnow, and then complaining of me about what is really his own clumsiness, I would promise to bring him no end of a basket! I therefore propose—eh, GLADSTONE?—that we meet again this evening—

Mr. Gladstone. Decidedly not! When we are all dead tired! I was saying, when CHILDERS interrupted me, that the true principle to guide us in redistributing seats is—the further from London the more intelligence, and consequently the more political power. For instance, Orkney and Shetland will have as many Members as the Home Counties. Let's give Scotland no end of Representatives! There's something peculiarly healthy in Scotland—the air's healthy—and so are the opinions. If you'll believe me, not a single Scotchman has a fault to find with my Midlothian speeches! It's an intellectual food that suits them; stodgy, like porridge. Eh, HARTINGTON?

Lord Hartington (who has "not followed the course of the Debate"). Oh!—ah!—yes, certainly. Birmingham to have sixteen Members. Yes, of course; fifty-six, if you like. But—

Sir William Harcourt. But I must at this point take the general opinion on HARTINGTON's gun. I am sure he could attend to Redistribution much better if he didn't keep that nasty thing close to him all the time; at any rate, I could.

Lord Hartington. It's not loaded.

Sir William Harcourt. Very likely not. That doesn't matter. As long as that deadly weapon is being dangled about near me, I feel—if GLADSTONE will excuse the expression—that I approach the Redistribution question with a rope round my neck. If it were London Reform, now, it would be different; then I should be willing to risk my life—

Lord Hartington (cheerfully). Well, I'll take myself and the gun outside, if you all prefer it. You know I can't discuss this confounded—I mean, this important measure properly while the gillies are tramping about in front of the windows, and making signs to me to come out. I can't indeed.

Mr. Childers. Well, if you do go out, tell 'em to take a jolly lunch to the top of Ben More—we'll be there by two—and—

Mr. Gladstone (severely). CHILDERS!—I mean, SNOOKS! This is trifling. I should have thought that you'd have remembered what a mess you got us into over the Franchise Bill, by describing it as the most important measure since 1688, and been duly penitent.

Sir William Harcourt. Ha, ha! I say, CHILDERS, what was the Bill in 1688? I don't remember a Franchise Bill then—

Mr. Gladstone. But this is not business. (Noise heard outside.) What can that be? CHILDERS, you're Chancellor of the Exchequer, go and give them half-a-crown to go away. (Loud knocking at door.) HARTINGTON!—I mean—er—SMITH! Quick, put the Liddell and Scott over that map of England; and, GRANVILLE!—Bother it, of course I mean JONES!—Will you kindly construe this difficult passage in Herodotus for us again? (Uproar outside—crowds seen disembarking from Excursion Steamers—yells, cheering, and loud cries for "GLADSTONE!") I'm afraid we are found out! This must be one of SALISBURY's dodges! Adieu, my dear colleagues. We must separate now,—and meet again, somewhere where we shall be really undisturbed—say, the North Pole!

[The Cabinet Redistributes itself outside.]

## Rural Simplicity.

THEY must be a wonderfully absent-minded lot of people down at Hollington, if we may judge from the following Advertisement, which appears in the *Tunbridge Wells Advertiser*:—

LOST, from Hoods Wood, Hollington, about 120 Large FENCE POLES, principally chestnut, believed to have been taken in error.—Information, &c.

Now one can imagine anyone walking off with the wrong hat, or a coat that did not belong to him, or somebody else's umbrella, and being unaware of the circumstance. But it is difficult to comprehend anyone unintentionally carrying off "about 120 large Fence poles." The Hollingtonians must be a delightfully simple folk.



### "OVERDOING IT."

Minister (to one of his flock). "I'M SHOCKED, JAMES, TO SEE YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE AND HAVE BEEN INDULGING AGAIN." (*James hangs his head.*)  
 "YOU REALLY SHOULD GIVE IT UP. IT DOES YOU GREAT HARM—MAKES YOU UNFIT FOR WORK—SPOILS YOUR APPEARANCE—YE CANNA TAK' YER BREAKFAST—YE'VE A BAD TASTE I' YER MOOTH—GIVES YE A SPLETTIN' HEADACHE——"  
 James. "A-YE, MENESTER! BUT YE HAE SUFFERED YERSEL'!"

### A LAY AT LORD'S.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC OLD WILLOW-WIELDER.

(On July 23, 1884, when the English Eleven beat the Australians by an Innings and Five Runs.)

BRAVO, my boys! this looks better. Was really beginning to feel a little bit down in the mouth; but that rattling "three figures" by STEEL Has stiffened my upper lip greatly, and as for a catch, 'pon my honour I never saw anything finer than ULYETT's dismissal of BONNOR! Bang from the Whopping One's bat went the ball like a bullet, a hot 'un! Looked good for six—when, hillo! "By Great Mungo," yelled one, "he has got 'un!"

"Nay," shrieked another, "'tain't possible." Ah, but it was though—for "York." Up went big GEORGE's big hand, and 'twas settled. A smart bit of work! GEORGE must stop cannon-balls now, or perhaps try his hand at a comet. STEEL? Well, if 'twasn't perfection, his batting, it wasn't far from it. One-forty-eight; a tall innings, and style, Sir, as well as mere swiping. Lord! how they cheered when they found the Australian's eyes he was wiping! Take lots o' wiping those eyes do; they're sharp on the ball as a ferret, Plenty of "stick" in them, too, and all kinds of sound cricketing merit. Foemen quite worthy our STEEL. Oh, I know it's a duffing old joke, Sir; But when an old buffer's delighted bad punning 'tis apt to provoke, Sir. So let it pass, just once more. Eh? a crowd? They were standing ten deep, Sir, Little 'uns tiptoeing wildly, all huddled together like sheep, Sir, Standing on boxes and biscuit-tins, balancing, fowl-like, on rails, Perched upon baskets inverted, on flower-pots, brickbats, and pails! Some empty seats, but "reserved," couldn't get them for love nor for money, All "Members Only," you know, and I think the arrangement seems funny. Give me the Oval for choice; there the game quite as cleverly played is, And yet you may get sight, or seat, which you cannot at LORD's, e'en for ladies. Public were patient as chalk-eggs, though some didn't see a great lot, Cheered pretty impartially, too, had a "Played, Sir!" for MURDOCH or SCOTT. But ULYETT and STEEL! Lor! they shouted as though they would bring down the sky!

They howled themselves purple and hoarse, Sir, and—well, to tell truth, so did I!

Old fool, very likely! But really the "ducks" in those Middlesex innings, Last week, were a *leetle* too much. I don't envy the Cornstalks their winnings, But do like Old England to have a look in now and then, and it dashes One's hopes when some dozen of ducks'-eggs seem mucking our chance of "the Ashes." Took LORD's for a poultry-run, p'raps. Much more poultry than game, there I'm thinking; But this win, by an innings and five runs, has sent up my spirits like winking. When STEEL against SPROFFORTH and PALMER can stand some four hours at the wicket, Why, spite of that string of ducks'-eggs, 'tain't all *ons* with Old England's Cricket!

### IMPEDED M.P.'s.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN is not the only innocent victim of the criminal Demonstration; even worse instances of mob violence and police apathy are about to be laid at the door of the worst HOME SECRETARY of the century. Even Mr. FOWLER's sufferings are nothing in comparison with Baron DE WORMS, for instance. The Baron is in delicate health, and his Doctors have ordained that none of his highly sensitive baronial senses shall be offended for a moment. Will it be believed that, in spite of this, the crowd continued to exhale its natural odour of damp fustian and stale tobacco, that the police rudely refused to sprinkle rose-water, and would not force a passage through the hundred thousand in order that the Member for Greenwich might reach the nearest Chemist's, and provide himself with Condyl's Fluid and Attar of Roses.

LORD JOHN MANNERS' progress to the House was arrested in a somewhat similar fashion. Only it was his Lordship's ear that suffered, not his nose. He was preparing to assist at the daily torture by question of the Government Benches, when in Parliament Street he heard an "h" drop! The criminal was a Demonstrator, therefore the police declined to interfere. Under these shocks his Lordship's one resource is to plunge for a brief moment into the pure well of his Young English epic. He hadn't a copy about him, and the Procession declined to stop to allow him to run home for one. The result was that Lord JOHN reached the Smoking Room half an hour late—with an ear-ache.

MR. NEWDEGATE had of course intended to be in his place early. He always is, unless earthquakes or Exeter Hall Meetings intervene. But when he saw the Kentish Peasants with their hop-poles, he thought it was the Inquisition come at last, and immediately fainted away. He is progressing favourably, but we understand that some days must elapse ere he will be able to ask Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT whether the expenses of the Demonstration were paid out of Peter's Pence.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NUMISMATICAL.—A Gentleman writes to us to say that he is making a fine Collection of Ancient Coins, and wants to know if the readers of *Punch* will send him some. He doesn't mind how many or how old. Gold preferred; silver taken; and copper not objected to. He signs himself "H. WALKER." Ahem! Here we are on J. DIDDLEE's Ground laying down gold and silver!

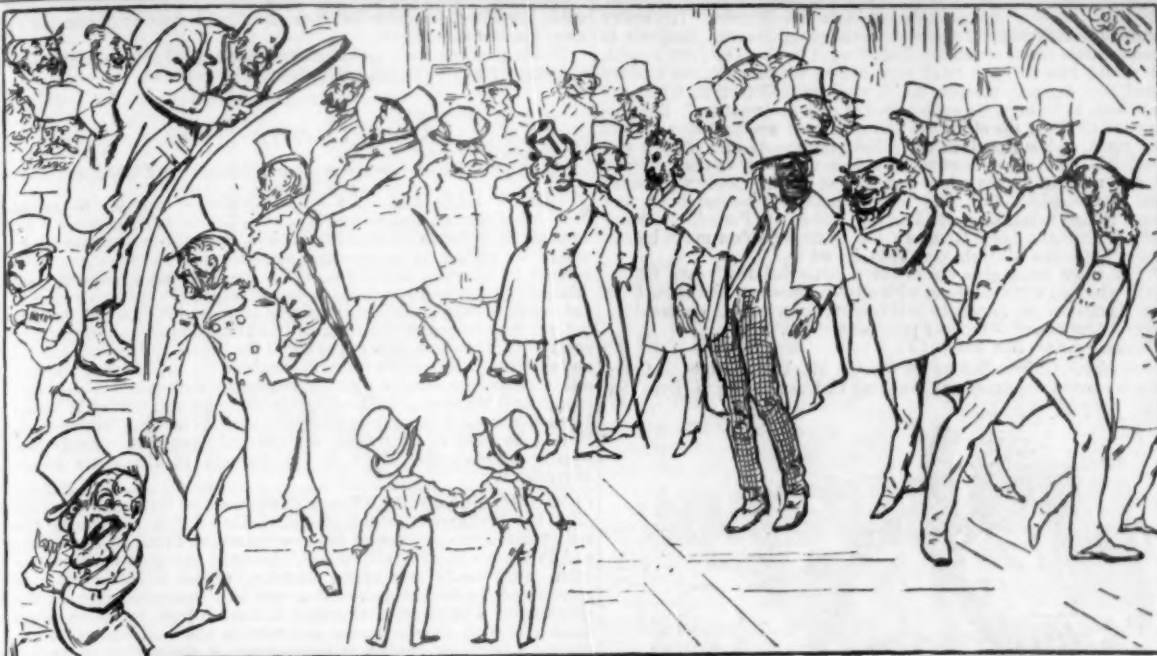
A NOBLE Sportsman was visiting at a house which was fitted up with very indifferent china ornaments, but with first-rate old oak furniture. "It reminds me," he remarked, "of two great sporting centres—Bad-Minton and Good-Wood." His host smiled, but had no reply ready.

CLEANSING THE CONSTITUENCIES!—The proper article for "The Great Unwashed" (according to Lord SALISBURY)—Peers' Soap.

"THE Queen v. The Guardians of the Dewsbury Union."—This case will henceforth be referred to as *Vaccination v. Vaccillation*.

FINE PROSPECT FOR PHEASANTS.—Anticipation of an Autumn Session.





PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 22: THE HOUSE OF LORDS "UP" 5.15. P.M.

## SENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.—Very small attendance in Lords to-night. Peers posted in quiet corners from Piccadilly to Hyde Park looking out on Franchise procession. The Markiss, disguised as a quiet country rector, watched from an upper room in St. James's Street the working man taking healthy exercise.

"May be healthy for them, but beginning to doubt whether it is conducive to our health," he whispered to his only companion and sole sharer of the secret of his disguise. "Begin to wish I'd taken your advice, Tony. What I don't like to see in this crowd is the quiet way in which they've gone ahead of us in Parliament. They take passage of Franchise Bill for granted; all their banners and all their talk point to reform of House of Lords."

Markiss quite in low spirits. Reminded him he had not moved Resolution. It was CAIRNS.

"Yes," he said, with some of old vigour returning, "it was CAIRNS. If the procession demand his head on charger they must have it. No use CAIRNS expostulating. Nothing more contemptible in my eyes than a man who refuses to make sacrifice for public convenience. I'm afraid this is rather a bad look-out for CAIRNS."

In Commons CHAPLIN comes down bristling with indignation. Produced book out of Library ("Just as if he were Irish Member," LABBY says), and solemnly reads Sessional order directing approaches to the House be kept clear.

"Sir," he said, taking a long last look at the Speaker, who would inevitably crumble up with indignant horror at the disclosure about to follow, "I was prevented crossing the road from St. Stephen's Chambers, and had to take the underground passage."

Disrespectful Radicals roared with laughter.

"Yes," CHAPLIN continued, turning upon them with undiminished loftiness and dignity. "But it ought not to be by underground passages Members should have access to this House."

This was the Tragic Muse. JIMMY LOWTHER supplied the Comic. On the whole much better done. TRUTHFUL JAMES has a grave humour quite his own. Wish we'd some more fellows in House like him. Occasionally a little troublesome to his party, blurring out inconvenient truths. That's their look-out. Don't know a straighter man or one freer from humbug in all shapes than JAMES.

Business done.—Votes in Civil Service Estimates.

Tuesday.—Increased muster in Lords to-night. REDESDALE gave notice last week that he would to-day indicate "the only way" in which Franchise difficulty could be settled. Peers first inclined to laugh. REDESDALE excellent old boy; frightens life out of Wit-

nesses in Committees; runs his pen through Clauses in Railway Bills, and clears Committee-Room on slightest provocation. Still, not generally known as Statesman. The more Peers thought of it, the more attracted by prospect.

"There may be something in Old REDESDALE, after all," said GRANVILLE, reflectively. "May be one of those slowly blossoming plants all the more brilliant when they do come out. Better go down and hear what he has to say."

REDESDALE made long speech; at end produced his proposal: Parliament to meet in Autumn Session, and bring in Redistribution Scheme side by side with Franchise Bill. Members gasped for breath. One or two felt for their walking-sticks. To think of a man of REDESDALE's age and sober habits making a fool of them in this way! This was the precise proposal made from very first, rejected half a dozen times in Commons, and formulated as a demand by the Markiss in supporting CAIRNS' Motion to throw out Bill on Second Reading. GRANVILLE bound to say something.

"I'm—I'm quite disappointed," he muttered, looking at REDESDALE as if he were a newly-discovered Atlantis.

Meanwhile all the Lords on Front Opposition Bench quietly slunk away, leaving REDESDALE in sole possession. To have this matter brought up again might be fun to REDESDALE, but death to them. Pretty to see REDESDALE sitting on the Bench whence all but he had fled, his hands thrust under his hams, whilst his inadequate legs swung to and fro above the floor.

"For all the world like Mr. Buntitude, utterly demoralised by the Schoolboys," said ROSEBERRY.

"Had 'em there, I think, Tony," said REDESDALE, when he had hopped off the seat and scampered out of the House, to avoid further consequences. "Long time since I had a joke. Thought I'd have one to-day. Never suspected me. That was the best of it. See Old GRANVILLE squirm when he found out I'd really nothing more to say! Sorry that Markiss wasn't there. But perhaps as well, as he would have sat within arm's length of where I stood. Believe only person except you and me who enjoyed joke is ARGVILL. It gave him opportunity for delivering another of those Little-Jack-Horner see-what-a-good-boy-am-I speeches, in which he delights."

Business done.—In Commons, much cry and few votes on Civil Service Estimates.

Wednesday.—Worm will turn at last. "Servile Majority" may refuse to follow. Did so this afternoon. COURTNEY managed it. Irish Members pursuing attacks upon men awaiting trial on criminal charge. This the third day; introduce a little variety by making onslaught on Plaintiff in another libel case in which O'BRIEN is defendant.

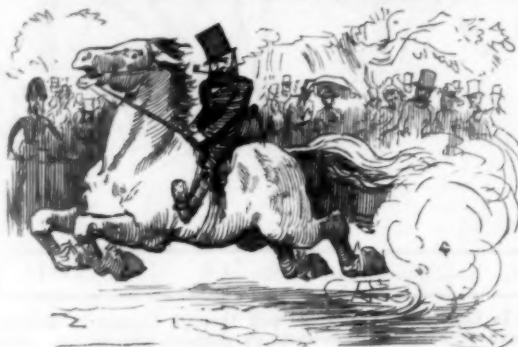
"If we can only get House to refuse to vote his Salary, Jury bound to find verdict for me," says O'BRIEN.

So they "go for" the possibly not blameless BOLTON. COURTNEY protests against cowardly abuse of privileges of House. Radicals in uncomfortable frame of mind. Didn't want to play O'BRIEN'S game, but would like to have trial over before vote for BOLTON'S salary agreed to. Suggest postponement, whereupon COURTNEY interposes to prevent, as he says, "another flood of easy declamation." Radicals up in arms. Only the other day COURTNEY sat amongst them, ate of their meat, and suffered in their disappointments with officials and ex-officials. Too much because he's been Secretary to the Treasury for few months to have him sneering at them. COURTNEY makes haste to apologise. But back once up can't be smoothed down, and when Division taken Radicals filed into lobby with Parnellites. Some anxious moments, Lord RICHARD not quite sure how many he can muster, but comes all right and Vote agreed to.

"Think we must give COURTNEY a little holiday," says GLADSTONE, who had watched scene with anxious face. "Bad enough to have HARCOURT in favourite attitude of throwing oil on troubled waters. Can't have COURTNEY practising it too."

*Business done.*—Not much.

*Thursday.*—Quite affecting to see the Markiss to-night. Came down to move Amendments in Standing Orders relating to Homes for



Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., becomes a Member of a "Privileged Class of Equestrians, and clears Rotten Row.

Labouring Classes. Manner quite subdued; tremor in his voice as he spoke of the poor men suffering from encroachment by Railways and other great Corporations.

"If there's one thing I love, next to the extension of the Franchise, it's the Working Man," he said. "They misrepresent me grievously, Torr. But from the earliest ages good men have been subject to calumny. To-night, I am told, they are burning me in effigy at Leicester. That of course looks more serious. If they do it often, break a few windows, and pull down one of my pet iron gates at Hatfield, of course we should have to give them the vote. Still I do not despair. Fancy the People mean to be orderly. However it be, I shall go my way returning good for evil. Whilst they burn me in effigy at Leicester I stay here trying to improve the condition of their dwellings. Perhaps if we get them better houses they may be inclined to stop at home instead of peregrinating Pall Mall."

In Commons, CHAPLIN quite chafffallen. Had intended to call further attention to tremendous indignity offered to him last Monday, when he had to cross from St. Stephen's Chambers by underground passage. Some idea of moving Adjournment "in order to call attention to matter of urgent public interest." But after the course things took at Sheffield, no heart for anything.

"Of course," he says, "we didn't want to turn RANDOLPH out of chair. Only our fun bringing up Delegates from all parts of the kingdom, and putting in list, which, if carried, would have swamped RANDOLPH. If it had been carried, of course we would have been helpless. Can't interfere with free action of Englishmen, you know. Much afraid RANDOLPH would have been dispossessed, and the stalwart PERCY would have reigned in his stead. Didn't carry our ticket, so shall vote for RANDOLPH. Carry him unanimously. Fine fellow. Most promising Statesman. Love and esteem him like—like—like SALISBURY does the Franchise Bill."

"Still, you don't look very cheery," I ventured to observe. "Ah, that's my way. Always sorriest when I am glad, as the song says."

*Business done.*—Lords threw out Commons' Bill on Election of Poor Law Guardians. Commons made a night of it, got a few votes in Supply, and passed Corrupt Practices (Municipal Elections) Bill.

*Friday.*—Creation of new Peers already commenced. The other day, Sir PERE, speaking of BARON DE WORMS, alluded to him as "the noble Baron." "Let us," he said, in his most magnificent manner, "ignore the noble Baron, and go on with business." To-night, ARTHUR ARNOLD, alluding to Lord Advocate, speaks of "the

noble Lord." Our gentle BALFOUR, most modest and unassuming of men, blushes violently.

House grinding away at Estimates. At it till Half-past Three this morning; likely to be same hour to-morrow morning.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(Selected from next Year's "Supplement.")

**GREAT BARGAIN.**—An ex-Peer, who, owing to the recent abolition of the House of Lords, has no further use for his coronet, is desirous of meeting with a respectable purchaser who would be willing to acquire the same for a reasonable sum. The coronet in question (a Duke's), which has only one strawberry-leaf missing, is in excellent condition, and for which the Advertiser would not object to take in exchange a fairly new last season's hat that has not yet been ironed, is comfortably lined throughout, and, being very roomy, could be worn, either in or out of the house, by any bald-headed and suffering rheumatic wishing to combine the full effect of a showy and *distingué* appearance with the recognised therapeutic advantages of a flannel nightcap. N.B.—Slightly flattened and stuffed it would furnish a handsome and appropriate seat to a *bijou* music-stool. Would be glad to hear from an itinerant flowerman. Apply personally between the hours of ten and six at Bolchester house, Mayfair, W.

**TO THE BENEVOLENT.**—A Clergyman of birth and position, the discharge of whose special visiting-duties has, during the recent stringent operation of the new "Ancient Families' Possessions and Privileges Total Abolition Act," brought him into daily contact with much acute aristocratic distress, wishes most earnestly to recommend the following deserving case to the consideration of the charitable. The object of this appeal, a noble Earl, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror, and who is also well known to the present Advertiser, having, in consequence of the passing of the Act in question suddenly been robbed of all the distinction and *prestige* that once attached to his rank, finds himself together with his large and well-bred family reduced to the very greatest social straits. The active competition caused by the creation of the new seven hundred Commercial "Life Peers," has driven him completely out of the circle of the recognised *élite* of Society; and to such a state of indigence has he been reduced, that for a recent *al fresco* evening *fête* given by a retired and wealthy pawnbroker, and considered one of the chief events of the season, his Countess found it impossible to get the usual invitation for herself and her five daughters without being personally known to the hostess. Such a circumstance speaks for itself. It may be added, for the benefit of those who feel kindly disposed to the sufferers in the present very urgent case and are able to afford some assistance in the shape of garden-parties and dinner-invitations, that the Earl, when in the House of Lords, though not enjoying the reputation of a first-rate shot at Hurlingham, was frequently considered one of the best *raconteurs* in the Lobby. Visiting-cards and requests for introduction will be thankfully received. For all further particulars, address Hon. —, the Vicar, Post Office, Eaton Square, S.W.

**UNCLAIMED PROPERTY.**—This is to give notice that, if within a week from the date of the Publication of this Advertisement, the LORD CHANCELLOR, who lately occupied these Premises, and went away suddenly, leaving a Woolsack behind him, without giving any Address, does not either come himself in person to fetch the same or cause it to be removed, it will be sold to defray expenses. Caretaker—Upper House, Palace Yard.

**TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.**—To be disposed of, without delay, a quantity of Literary Matter, chiefly in the shape of Rough Notes for Humorous Harangue, for which, in consequence of recent Constitutional Changes, the Advertiser has no further use. A large portion of the MSS. being devoted to profound political party reasoning, is full of most excellent fooling, and would afford capital material for the Editor of a Comic Annual desirous of producing a broad if not over-refined Christmas Number. Might be utilised in the after-part of a Pantomime at a Provincial Theatre. Enterprising Buttermen dealt with on easy terms.—Apply by letter to MARQUIS, Post Office, Hatfield.

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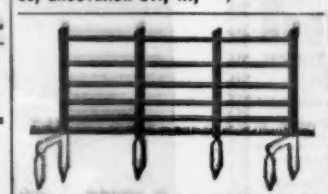
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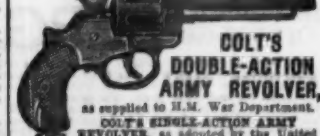
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